An ELEGY and EPITAPH on the never to be lamented Death of Colonel *Lewis Campbel*, who was Executed in the *Graſs market* of *Edinburgh*, for the Crime of *Thift* and *Robbery*, on *Munday April* 6, 1730.

(1)

SINCE *Campbel*'s now giv'n up the Ghoſt,
No Villain craves to fill his Poſt,
Except *More* who rul'd the Roaſt,
And caus'd him ſwing,
Who's made it ever ſince his Boaſt,
And bleſt the String.

(2)

Syne after ſung his Obſequies,
A Hymn in Praiſe o' hanging Trees,
Who's Gamble is the *Gallalies*,
A joyful Tune.
Conſidering it was *Campbel*'s Fees,
That made him croon.

(3)

A Cable ſaid he ſcarce could hold
Him from the Heaps of humane Gold.
Till *John* came with a ſtalert Cord,
And ſtriped Coat,
And whae doubts but I was paid for't,
A Ten Merk Not.

(4)

He ſtudious was in every Street,
To ſteal a Chapman off his Feet.
The *Gipſies* now may wheen and greet,
Since he is gane,
And never after hope to meet,
In *Campbel*'s Name.

(5)

He equal'd *Sutherland* in Sin,
Of Concubines had ten for ane;
But had he been as wiſe as him,
he'd bidden back,
And not been yet brought guilty in,
for twa na Plack.

(6)

The doors and dogs kend *Campbel*'s tongue,
The Bolts and Locks aſunder flung,
And Goods invited him to come,
when e'er he would,
To fill his Pockets, Purſe or Spung,
with what he could.

(7)

Its like the *Iriſh* Fret and Frown,
The balder *Britiſh* light upon,
Me cauſe I've got his cleading on,
as was my fa,
Yet be's it will, I'll ever own,
he's made me bra.

(8)

Who now will lead the laſy Clan,
Or look like *Campbel* in the Van.
Squire *Sutherland*'s but a witleſs Man,
of nae great Skill,
The Trade is ſurely broke for ane,
that ne'er did well.

EPITAPH,

WHO wants their Goods, may watch the Thief,
Not at the Gallows Foot of Grief,
For if he is not buried there,
It's plain they have not play'd him fair.